

WEYLER WARS ON WOMEN.

Sends a Cuban's Accomplished Wife to a Penal Colony, Where Her Fate Will Be Worse Than Death.

Colonel Money Declares the "Butcher's" Cruelties Serve to Make Islanders More Determined to Gain Liberty.

"They Will Not Accept Pacification Without Independence"—The Insurgents Certain to Triumph in the End—A "Waiting" Fight.

By Hernando De Soto Money.

Washington, Jan. 12.—Yesterday I told of the resources of Spain and what power she had at hand, or in the future, to move against the Cuban revolt. To-day let me tell of those elements of strength the Cubans possess, and which lead me, when compared with Spanish strength, to conclude that the Cubans are to finally succeed.

The first great force in favor of the Cubans is the sentiment of the islanders. The Spanish party, the Tories of Cuba, are at best few. The Autonomists, of which Montoro was the head, have practically, in sentiment at least, allied themselves with the insurgents. It is no exaggeration to say that fully 60 per cent of native Cuban sentiment hopes on the side of Gomez, and in feeling, if not in person, fights for the revolution.

Arms and Ammunition Needed.

The great wants of the insurgents are horses, ammunition, and arms. It is not money; they can get that from a hundred sources—some of which I have indicated. But they are unable to arm themselves. It is this lack of arms which makes the insurgent force now active in the field no more than 40,000. Two hundred thousand all over the island would join the Cuban cause if they could lay their hands on guns and horses and other furniture of war.

Weyler spoke to me of his near intentions to declare the province of Havana "pacified." I talked with an American who was by no means new to that province, who was absolutely informed and thoroughly trustworthy.

"Is the public sentiment touching the revolution throughout the province of Havana?" I asked.

"Everybody is for the revolution," was the reply. "Thousands throughout the province of Havana would join the insurgents to-day if they could find arms to fight with. Thousands in the city of Havana would do so."

"What would be your estimate of the number of effective men the province of Havana would send to the insurgents if they could get arms?" I asked.

"Full 20,000," my American informant replied.

People for the Revolution.

Afterward I talked with others equally well posted, and all they said justified this American's estimate. It is so all over the island. The people are for the revolution, and their spirit, so far from flagging, is on the decided rise.

Public sentiment in Cuba gets much of its inspiration from the harsh cruelty of Spanish measures. I have already shown that the Spaniards take no prisoners, but kill the insurgents as soon as cap-

tured; that they slaughter the sick in hospital cots, strike down the nurses by their side; that "Pacification" for aught or no cause are dragged from their homes to be butchered; that others are deported to be lost for life in horrible Spanish penal colonies on the coast of Africa. It is these things which set the Cuban temper on edge and make even the women resolve to perish or free their homes from Spanish rule.

On the other hand, the Cubans gain much from the buoyant temper of Gomez and others of the insurgent leaders, of whom they get daily news and hear daily stories.

While the Cubans number in the aggregate no more than 40,000 or 45,000 men with arms in their hands, with the lack of spirit of Spanish methods 40,000 are as good as a million.

Insurgents Fair Fighters.

The insurgents compel rich planters to pay money, but they never wantonly murder, and there is but little useless destruction of property to their discredit. They assume, too, among themselves, to be subservient to their own civil rule. In instance of this, I might cite a recent occasion when Gomez had to deal with a deserting major of his command. The major had deserted, and several days later returned and rendered himself up to Gomez. I forgot to say that the insurgents' civil government has its capital at the city of Cuba.

Before this I have spoken of the mildness of the insurgent methods as they go about the island. I was told, however, while in Havana, that Gomez had decided on a more stringent policy. The Spanish butchers captured insurgents and wounded left on the field. Gomez would take a like course. He would cut down captured Spanish soldiers and put to the machete and gun such as were left behind by the foe when the insurgents occupied the field as victors. Gomez gave the first example of this change of policy recently by executing a garrison of 114 soldiers who surrendered to him.

Cubans Have Plenty of Food.

There have been two or three stories abroad which told of starvation and lack of food among the insurgents. This is nonsense. They will never starve; a breadless condition is impossible in agricultural Cuba.

The insurgents are playing a waiting game. They intend that Spain shall exhaust herself. They know that the war costs Spain \$10,000,000 a month; they confine themselves, therefore, to keeping out of Spanish reach, with the purpose of giving her time to bleed to death while they harass her.

But the insurgents are not without food, nor are they likely to be. I think the only suffering is where the people from the country have been ordered into the towns under the penalty of suffering the fate of rebels.

Well Supplied with Cash.

As to money, voluntary contributions of

the Cubans I have been told reliably are very great, and I was informed at Key West that the poorest cigarmaker at that place and at Tampa economizes his household in order to make his contribution to the cause of free Cuba.

The insurgents, while, as I have stated, playing a waiting game, are justified in so doing. It means more success in the end. They have not the numbers that would justify pitched battle, nor have they the ammunition, and their warfare is that best calculated to secure the end at which they aim—the wearing out of Spain and the Spanish army, daily falling beneath the climate and the diseases peculiar to it, as well as by the accidents of battle.

It would appear at first that the rebels, while not deficient in spirit and courage, are lacking in enterprise; that they do not harass and annoy the Spaniards as much as opportunity offers and as the necessity of their struggle would require; but this has been explained upon the ground of the necessity for a careful economy of ammunition and of horses. In fact, it would seem that the lack of horses will be after a while a source of weakness with the rebels. They have some infantry, notably the brigade of the famous negro leader, General Quintin Bandera, but still their principal operations are conducted by cavalry, and, in fact, horses are indispensable to the plan of warfare which they have wisely adopted. It is well not shared by intelligent Cubans with whom I conversed. They insisted that their troops will always be supplied with horses.

Spaniards Poorly Mounted.

Speaking of horses, the Spanish cavalry that I saw were poorly mounted, the Cuban horse being small and unsuited for regular cavalry, but it is said to be wiry and enduring and useful in mounted infantry and guerrillas.

There seems to be no doubt of the present determination of the Cubans to continue the contest. Spain is, on her part, now willing to grant what the autonomist party first demanded, that is, self-government, including the right to levy, collect and expend their taxes. She is willing to do this to secure peace and the Spanish domination.

But in the meantime the autonomist party, to whom she would yield, has disappeared. The provocations and exasperations of the war, the spoliation of property, the deportation of Cubans suspected of sympathy with insurgents to penal settlements on the African coast, have so aroused the feeling of the people that they are not now willing to accept autonomy coupled with allegiance to Spain, and they say they will have independence at whatever cost.

It is a frequent sad occurrence to see people march through the streets of Havana to the steamer to be sent for life to the Chaffarine Islands, off the north coast of Africa, or to Ceuta or to Fernando Po, off the west coast of Africa. The horrors of this deportation are inconceivable in America. There is now in jail upon the island of Cuba the accomplished wife of a rebel general, who, unless some interference is made in her behalf, will soon be sent to one of these settlements for life. She will be without means of support, for Spain does not feed her convicts, and her fate will really be worse than death. Her offense lies in writing to her husband a letter becoming a good and faithful wife.

There is a misconception in America that the insurrection is confined mainly to negroes and the more ignorant class of Cubans. This is a mistake. As a matter of fact the most educated and cultivated and wealthy Cubans are in the insurrection heart and soul, either contributing their personal efforts in the field or their money, and their hatred of Spain has become more intense and their desire for independence more determined as the war has progressed.

They will not now accept pacification without independence, and of this all Americans in high office or low should take notice; nor is it a correct understanding of the people there to suppose that it would be virtually a negro republic if independence should be secured.

The above letter and the one of yesterday disclose the basis of my firm belief in final Cuban independence. The Cubans will now accept no less, while Spain drifts ever toward the day when she can no longer withhold it.

Death of Nella Bergen's Mother.

Mrs. Margaret Beardon, wife of Police Sergeant Beardon, and the mother of Nella Bergen, of the De Wolf Hopper company, died at her home, No. 181 North Fourth street, Williamsburg, yesterday. She will be buried in St. John's Cemetery on Friday.

Wonderful Headache Cure—Scott's Glycerin Tablets. Have you tried them? 25c. All druggists.—Advt.

SOLDIER ATHLETES ON THE TANBARK.

Drills and Contests at the Garden Military Tournament.

THOUSANDS OF VISITORS.

The Huge Building Filled to the Doors by a Regular Horse Show Assemblage.

AS PROMPT AS A CIRCUS.

Chariot Races, Gatling Gun Practice, Artillery Drill and Cavalry Manoeuvres Followed Each Other with Amazing Rapidity.

We take him from the city or the plough—
We drill him and we dress him up so neat;
We teach him to uphold his manly brow,
And how to walk and where to put his feet.
—Galexy Girl.

And that he had learned to uphold his

boxes, where it explained the fine points of the games and manoeuvres to the ladies, who had donned their very best gowns for the occasion.

But, though the artillery dominated the cavalry in numbers and in what the variety people call "turns" last night, the cavalry were the boys of honor, as expressed in the glove-splitting and lung-testing applause of the crowds. It was Captain Dodd's famous Troop E, of the Third U. S. Cavalry, that did this, and it did it by the grace of the most marvellous feats of rough and ready horsemanship ever seen in New York.

Of the athletic features the chariot races were the most exciting, and awakened the most intense interest on the part of the audience. There were five "teams," four young athletes running abreast in each team, urged on by a driver, who rode in the chariot and "coached" after the manner of a coxswain in a racing shell. Three of the teams were made up of Seventh Regiment men, one of Twenty-second Regiment men, and one from athletic members of the Eighth Regiment. The crack team of the Seventh, running the 178 yards over a bad track in the wonderful time of twenty-three seconds flat.

Some excellent running, 100 yards, 220 yards and 440 yards, awakened the enthusiasm of athletic and military men alike, and the bicycle races—well, the bicycle races would have been more interesting if the track had been wide enough to permit of one man passing another without imminent danger of collision.

It was the soldiers that most of the crowd had come to see, not the athletics, good as they were, and the first blast of a horsethroated artillery bugle calling the bicycle corps of the First Battery, N. G. S. N. Y., to the tank oval was greeted with applause. Lieutenant Schmidt and a sergeant put the twelve men of the corps through all sorts of complicated cavalry manoeuvres, which included sabre assaults, bring

proceedings with a chorus of feminine shrieks.

After the National Guardsmen had shown their dismounted drill another thrifty bugle sounded, and with much clanking of harness and accoutrements, much jangling of chains and sabres and a fearsome rumbling, a two-gun platoon of Captain Thorp's Light Battery D, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., dashed into the ring. Lieutenant G. G. Gaiting was in command of the thirty men, twenty horses, two long, three and one-half inch rifle and two caissons comprising the platoon.

The all-star "act" of the ornament was last on the bill, but everybody had waited patiently, and when the dismounted cavalry bugle sounded "boots and saddles" a roar of applause welcomed the entry of Captain Dodd's wonderful centaurs of the Third U. S. Cavalry. Captain Dodd has all the men and horses of Troop "I" down from Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., but he only introduced thirty of them in last night's exhibition. It would be dangerous to have brought more of these dare-devil horsemen into that contracted space at once. They were all over the place as it was, and though they didn't seem to mind it, most of the audience was half a gasp for fear of a catastrophe during the entire thirty minutes of their exhibition.

The cavalrymen wore service uniforms, leggings and light shoes, instead of regulation boots. That meant rough riding—Cossack work—stunt tricks, to anybody who knew "E" troop. And such was the programme. With waving sabres and a whoop the troopers charged in line, all slinging their saddles and agents with waving sabres and a blood-curdling yell they charged back again, every man standing on the back of his galloping steed like a circus rider. That was the end of the show, and they have borrowed from the Cossacks.

The Athletic Events.

The summary:

One Mile Bicycle (Novice)—First heat—Won by Carroll Millikin, Co. K, Seventy-first Regiment, Time, 2:38.3. Second heat—Won by E. W. Ott, Eighth Regiment, Time, 2:43.8. Third heat—Won by A. W. Smith, Co. D, Seventy-first Regiment, Time, 2:37.

Fourth heat—Won by L. M. Gardner, Thirtieth Regiment, Time, 2:27.4. Fifth heat—Won by C. McDonald, Eighth Regiment, Time, 2:30.

220-Yards Run (Military Championship)—First heat—Won by William Du Bois, Twenty-third Regiment, Time, 24.2. Second heat—Won by G. M. Sands, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, Time, 25.1.5. Third heat—Won by L. C. Outcault, Co. D, Seventh Regiment, Time, 25.2.5. Fourth heat—Won by Jerome Buck, First Naval Reserve New Jersey, Time, 25.1.5.

Quarter-Mile Bicycle (Championship National Guard)—First heat—Won by J. W. Jones, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, Time, 36.2.4. Second heat—Won by W. H. Owen, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, Time, 34.4.5. Third heat—Won by G. W. Crook, Thirtieth Regiment, Time, 33.5.5.

Half-Mile Bicycle (Championship National Guard)—First heat—Won by N. A. Muller, Co. G, Twelfth Regiment, Time, 1:10.7.5. Second heat—Won by J. W. Judge, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, Time, 1:11. Third heat—Won by George Bith, Co. F, Seventh Regiment, Time, 1:12.1.5. Fourth heat—Won by E. R. Machen, Co. B, Seventh Regiment, Time, 1:13. Fifth heat—Won by W. H. Owen, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment, Time, 1:11. Sixth heat—Won by G. W. Crook, Thirtieth Regiment, Time, 1:15.2.5.

Chariot Race (National Guard and United States Army), against time—Won by the Seventh Regiment team of F. Patel, L. Schneider, George Schwelger, C. E. Suedor, C. Drake, Time, 25.4. Twenty-second Regiment, second, McManus, Cauley, Graman, Denham, Tate, Time, 23.2.5.

440-Yards Run (handicap)—First heat—Won by George Bulwinkle, Co. H, Seventh Regiment (20 yards); W. S. French, Co. E, Seventh Regiment (15 yards), second, Time, 54.4.5. Second heat—Won by G. Campbell, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment (25 yards); W. D. McCormack, Thirtieth Regiment (18 yards), second, Time, 52.5.5. Third heat—Won by G. E. Hallender, Co. E, Twenty-second Regiment (12 yards); J. Buck, First Naval Reserve New Jersey (2 yards), second, Time, 52.1.5. Fourth heat—Won by G. A. Styles, Co. G, Twenty-second Regiment (24 yards); A. J. Thomas, Twenty-second Regiment (14 yards), second, Time, 52.2.5.

One Mile Bicycle (National Guard and United States Army Championship)—First heat—Won by J. W. Judge, Co. H, Twenty-second Regiment; R. F. Keeler, Twenty-second Regiment, second, Time, 2:30. Second heat—Won by W. H. Owen, Twenty-second Regiment; J. W. Eaton, Eighth Regiment, second, Time, 2:31. Trials on Monday night.

It Eases the Nerves.

brings health and contentment. Andrew's Back's Nerve-Nutrient is the greatest of all malt tonics. To be had at all druggists.—Advt.

LOVELY AMATEUR GOT A DUCKING.

Miss Coudrey's Plunge in Berkeley Lyceum Startled Her Friends.

UNREHEARSED TANK DRAMA

It Occurred After a Real Rehearsal for a Church Performance.

LIGHT HAD BEEN TURNED OUT.

Star Was on Her Way from the Stage to Rejoin Mrs. Maurice Barrymore and Her Friends in the Dressing Rooms.

This is the tale of an unrehearsed tank drama that had its first and only performance at the Berkeley Lyceum on Monday night. The heroine of the piece was Miss Coudrey, a beautiful, a talented amateur, who has not yet quite recovered from the chilling effects of her involuntary debut.

It all arose out of a church affair. It was a question of paying off a debt on an organ, or a reredos, or a belfry, or something equally interesting, and a number of ladies who wished well to the church and were fond of theatricals conceived the plan of giving a performance whereby to raise the needed funds. It was to be very dainty and very chic, but strictly proper.

Mrs. Barrymore the Coach.

The direction of the production was Mrs. Maurice Barrymore, who undertook the task of coaching and rehearsing of the society maidens and matrons billed to take part in the performance. Moreover, she herself wrote for the occasion a play—a slender but dainty little curtain raiser called "A Brother's Sacrifice." That and a comediata entitled "A Tragedy" were to form the evening's entertainment—and still will, for that matter, unless Miss Coudrey suffers a relapse.

The tank was the cause of all the trouble. And in order that what happened may be made clear it must be explained that to walk from the stage to the dressing rooms it is necessary to traverse a narrow passage running along the parapet of the swimming pool, and protected only by a coping about six inches high.

Miss Coudrey lives in Fordham, and is well known among society amateurs. She is tall, self-possessed and quietly, with a reasonably musical voice and a pronounced gift of facial expression. Moreover, she is versatile. Her gift of humor was just as apparent in "A Tragedy" as was her turn for pathos in "A Brother's Sacrifice." And her conception of what stage "business" should be amounted at times to inspiration.

"You'll certainly be having handsome offers from managers, my dear," said another member of the cast as they were leaving the stage after the rehearsal last Monday night.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Coudrey, lightly. "Oh, dear! I've forgotten my gloves."

She ran back to get them and her friend went on toward the dressing rooms alone. By the time Miss Coudrey had found her gloves she was the last one the stage. And by the time she reached the narrow passage already described the incandescent lights had been turned out.

In the Black Pool.

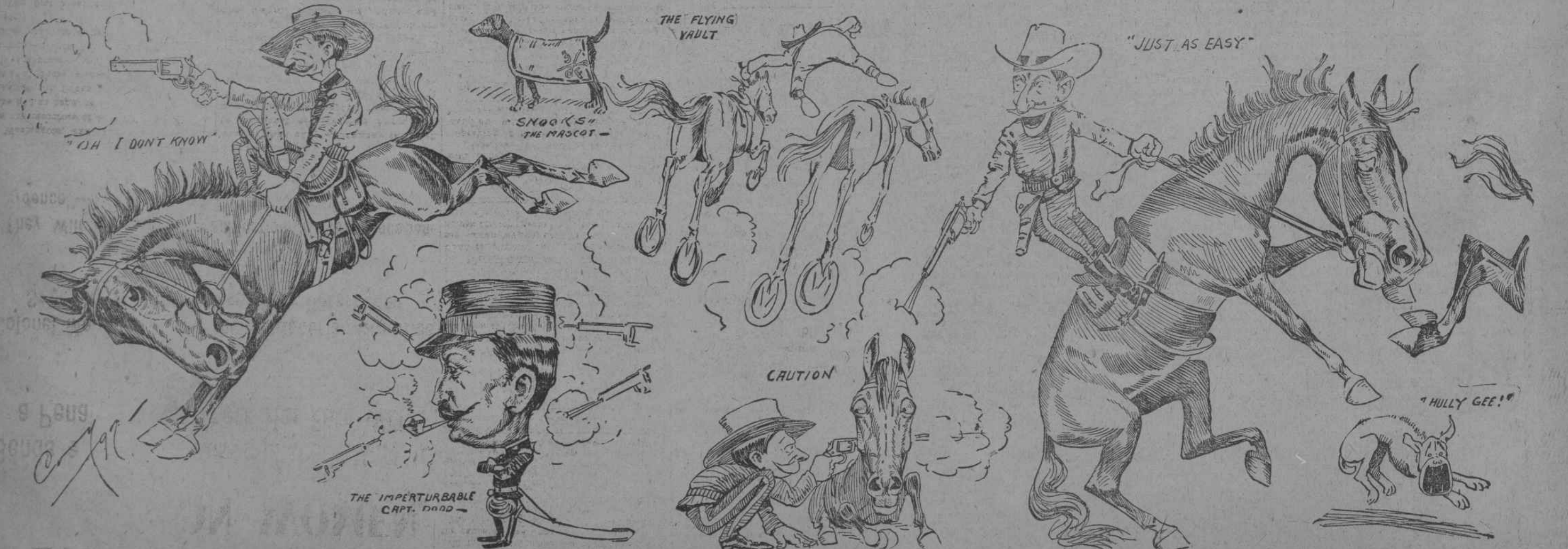
The water glimmered black and mysterious beneath her as she tripped along. In her longing to rejoin her friends and see the light again she began to run. A false step—an involuntary turn where the path of safety lay straight ahead—and her foot caught on the low coping. All that was heard in the dressing rooms was a scream, followed by a loud splash. But that was enough to use a tumult. When the company clustered round the pool the water was made turbulent by the struggles of the drowning girl. After a moment her voice could be heard, gurgling:

"Oh, pull me out!"

Somebody had enough presence of mind to turn up the lights, and somebody else ran for a doctor or the police or anybody who could help. And in the meantime, by the united efforts of the amateurs, Miss Coudrey was pulled from the tank and carried, unconscious, to a dressing room.

Dr. L. H. Davis, of No. 157 West Fifty-fourth street, arrived a few minutes later. It was midnight, and he had been told that it was a case of life and death. So, indeed, it seemed to him when he saw the patient. Miss Coudrey was still unconscious, and it was not till the doctor had worked over her for half an hour with the methods prescribed for artificial respiration that she showed signs of life.

You need not despair. Salvation Oil will heal your burnt arm without a scar. 25 cts.—Advt.



CAPTAIN DODD'S DISPLAY OF TRICKY TROOPERS AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.